I ſay *Somerſet* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

Yorke, Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,
Becauſe I cannot flatter as thou canſt.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

Suf. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke*.

War. Image of pride, wherefore ſhould I peace?

Suf. Becauſe heere is a man accuſde of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himſelfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it pleaſe your Grace, this fellow here, hath accuſed his maſter of high Treaſon, and his wordes were theſe: That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace was an vſurper.

Yorke. I beſeech your Grace let him haue what punniſhment the Law will affoord for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didſt thou ſpeake theſe words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your worſhip, I neuer ſayde any ſuch matter, God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accuſed by this villen heere.

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did ſay ſo.

Yorke. I beſeech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

Armorer, Alas maſter, hang me if euer I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he wuuld be euen with mee: I haue good witneſſe of this, and therefore I beſeech your worſhip do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villaines accuſation.

King. Vncle Gloſter, what do you thinke of this?

Hum. The law my Lord is this by caſe, it reſts ſuſpitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With *Eben* ſtaues and Sandbags, combatting
In Smithfield, before your royall Maieſty. *Exit Humfrey.*

Armour. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter

Peter. Alaſſe my Lord, I am not able for to fight.

Suf. You muſt either fight ſirra, or elſe be hang'd:
Go take them hence againe to priſon. *Exit with them.*

The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutcheſſe of Gloſter, a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not ſee?

Shee ſtrikes her.

I cry you mercy Madam, I did miſtake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Elnor. Did you not proud French-woman?
Could I come neere your dainty viſage with my nayles,
I'de ſet my ten command'ments in your face.

King. Be patient gentle Auut,
It was againſt her will.

Elnor. Againſt her will. Good King ſhee'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,
But let it reſt: as ſure as I do liue,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd. *Exit Elnor.*

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame:
I would not for a thouſand pounds of Gold,
My Noble Vnckle had beene heere in place.

Enter Duke Humfrey.

But ſee where he comes: I am glad he met her not.
Vnkle Gloſter, what anſwer makes your Grace,
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinkes your Grace is meeteſt for to ſend.

Hum. My gracious Lord, then this is my reſolue,
For that theſe words the Armourer ſhould ſpeake,
Doth breede ſuſpition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerſet be Regent ore the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himſelfe.

King. Then be it ſo, my Lord of Somerſet,
We make your Grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our right 'gainſt forraine foes,

And